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KREEMER™

Peter Milligan
Brett Ewins
Steve Dillon

THREE OF 6

SKREEMER

Created by Peter Milligan & Brett Ewins

part three

"Woman to Woman and Man to Man."

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SKREEMER 3

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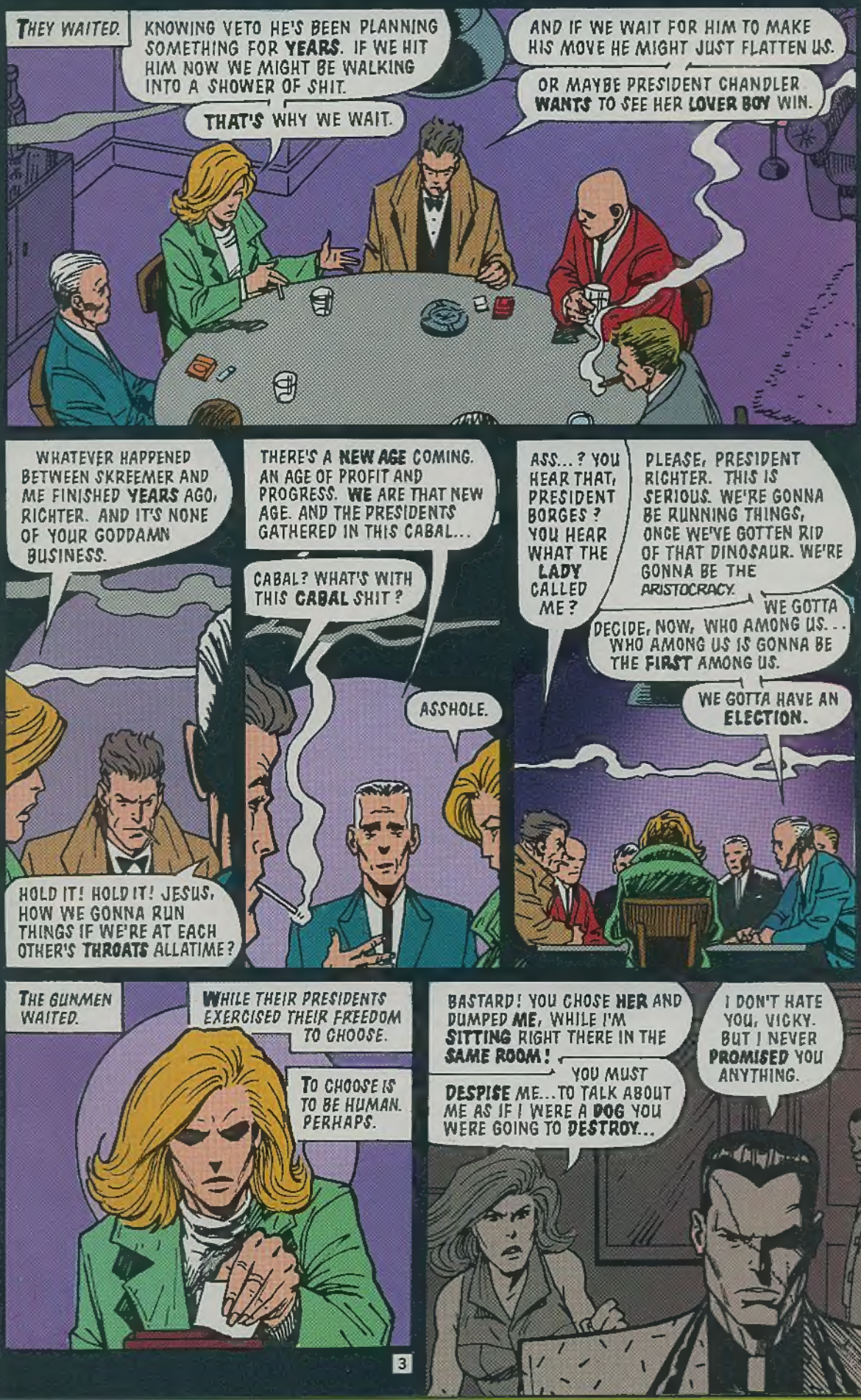
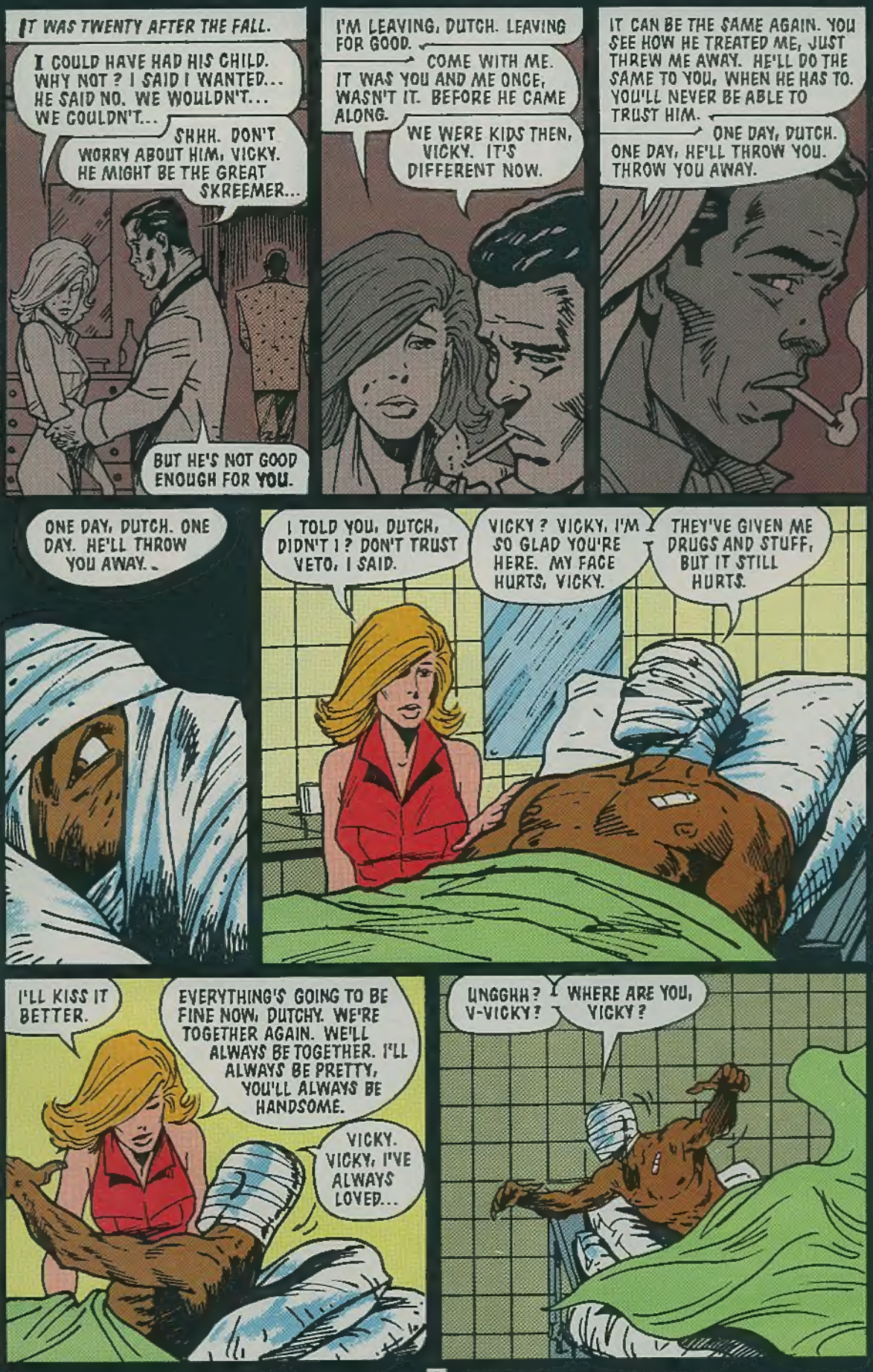
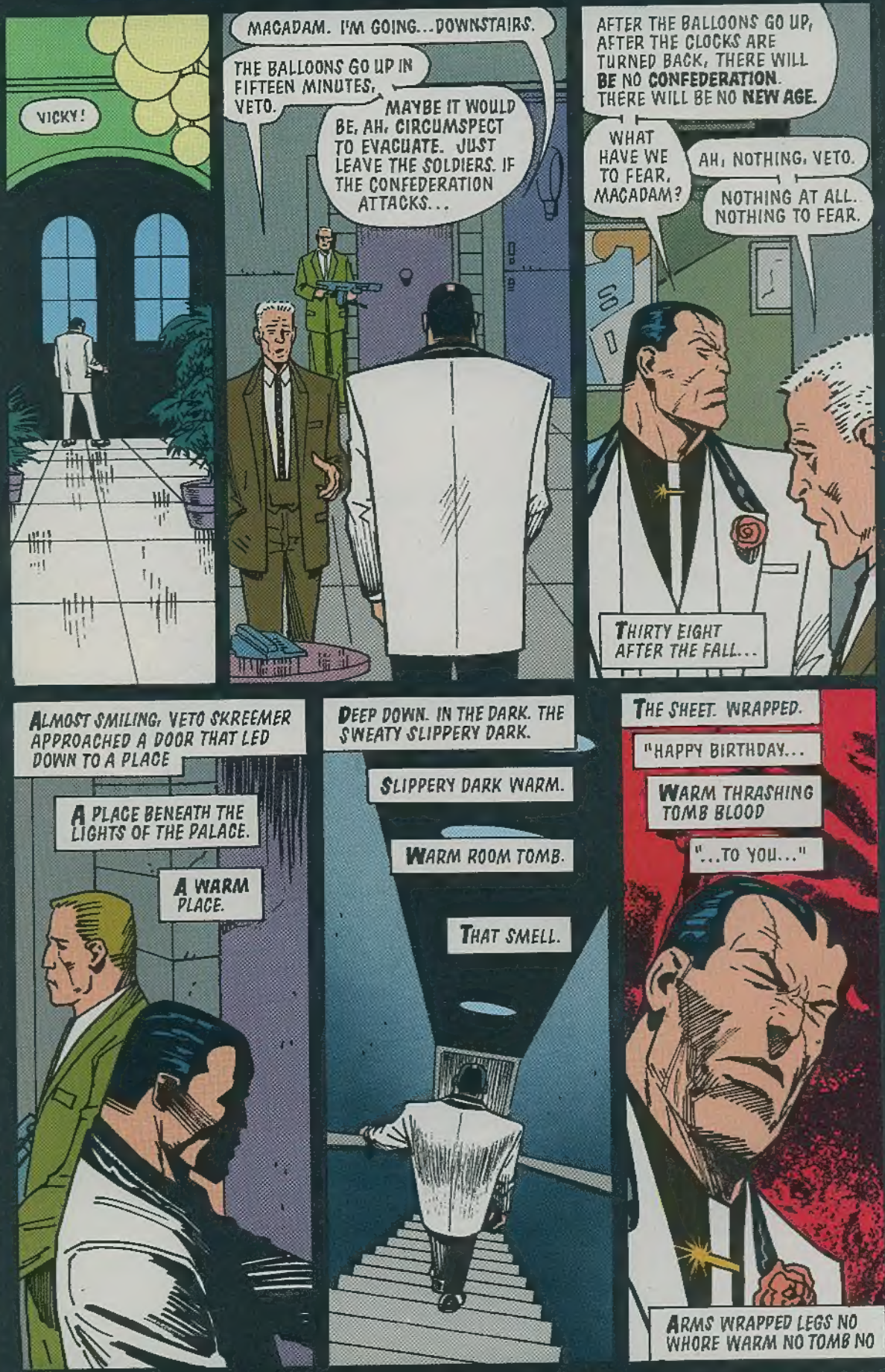
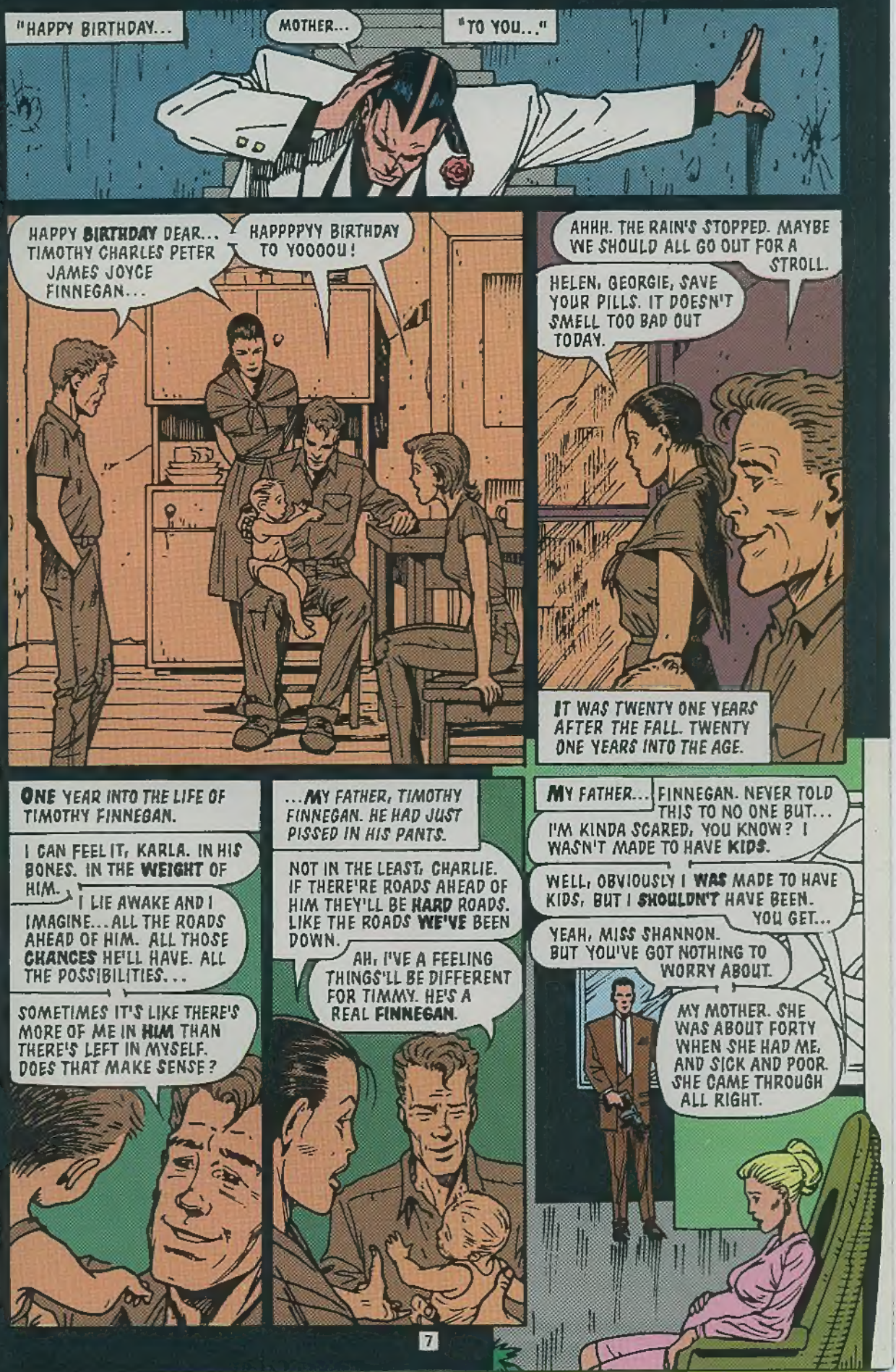
IN THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL A CONFEDERATION OF GANGS BESIEGED SKREEMER'S WANING EMPIRE.
IN THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL MEN WAITED FOR THE ORDER TO ATTACK. WAITED TO DRAG THE VEIL OF HISTORY OVER VETO SKREEMER.
MY FATHER WAITED ALSO. I WAS NINE YEARS FROM BEING BORN, BUT NOW I, PETER FINNEGAN, SON OF TIMOTHY FINNEGAN, WAIT WITH HIM.
AS THEY WAITED...
THEIR MUSCLES AND HANDS AND WEAPONS LIKE LOINS, WAITING TO FATHER THE FUTURE...
THEY WILL KILL IN THE DITCH, THEY WILL RAPE IN THE BASEMENT, THEY WILL BURN DOWN THE PALACE AND BUTCHER YOUNG CHILDREN.
THEY WAITED.
SWOLLEN WITH ATROCIOUS POTENTIAL.


THEY WAITED.
KNOWING VETO HE'S BEEN PLANNING SOMETHING FOR YEARS. IF WE HIT HIM NOW WE MIGHT BE WALKING INTO A SHOWER OF SHIT.
THAT'S WHY WE WAIT.
AND IF WE WAIT FOR HIM TO MAKE HIS MOVE HE MIGHT JUST FLATTEN US.
OR MAYBE PRESIDENT CHANDLER WANTS TO SEE HER LOVER BOY WIN.
WHATEVER HAPPENED BETWEEN SKREEMER AND ME FINISHED YEARS AGO, RICHTER. AND IT'S NONE OF YOUR GODDAMN BUSINESS.
HOLD IT! HOLD IT! JESUS, HOW WE GONNA RUN THINGS IF WE'RE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS ALLATIME?
THERE'S A NEW AGE COMING. AN AGE OF PROFIT AND PROGRESS. WE ARE THAT NEW AGE. AND THE PRESIDENTS GATHERED IN THIS CABAL...
CABAL? WHAT'S WITH THIS CABAL SHIT?
ASSHOLE.
ASS...? YOU HEAR THAT, PRESIDENT BORGES? YOU HEAR WHAT THE LADY CALLED ME?
PLEASE, PRESIDENT RICHTER. THIS IS SERIOUS. WE'RE GONNA BE RUNNING THINGS, ONCE WE'VE GOTTEN RID OF THAT DINOSAUR. WE'RE GONNA BE THE ARISTOCRACY.
WE GOTTA DECIDE, NOW, WHO AMONG US... WHO AMONG US IS GONNA BE THE FIRST AMONG US.
WE GOTTA HAVE AN ELECTION.
THE GUNMEN WAITED.
WHILE THEIR PRESIDENTS EXERCISED THEIR FREEDOM TO CHOOSE.
TO CHOOSE IS TO BE HUMAN. PERHAPS.
BASTARD! YOU CHOSE HER AND DUMPED ME, WHILE I'M SITTING RIGHT THERE IN THE SAME ROOM!
YOU MUST DESPISE ME...TO TALK ABOUT ME AS IF I WERE A DOG YOU WERE GOING TO DESTROY...
I DON'T HATE YOU, VICKY. BUT I NEVER PROMISED YOU ANYTHING.

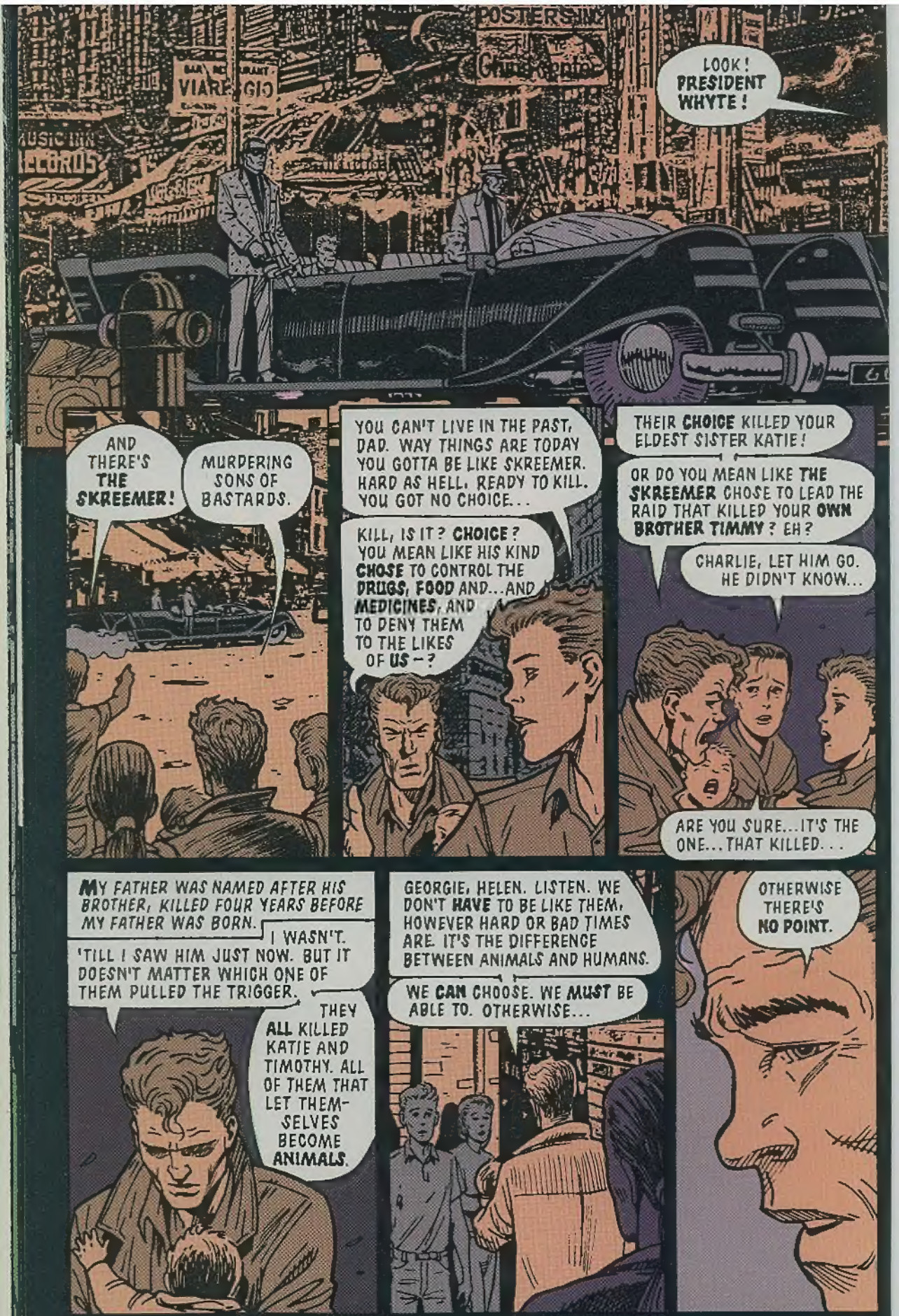
NEVER PROMISED ANYTHING? PROMISED...
GOD, IS IT NECESSARY TO PROMISE A LOVER THAT YOU WON'T TOTALLY HUMILIATE HER?
IS IT NECESSARY TO PROMISE THE PERSON WHO SHARES YOUR BED THAT YOU WON'T KICK THEM OUT BECAUSE YOU'D RATHER BE SCREWING A WHORE!
A WHORE.
YES. SHE WAS A WHORE. SLIPPERY WITH THE SWEAT OF STRANGERS.
AND THEN ONE DAY...ONE DAY...
ONE DAY A MAN CAME WHO DIDN'T TREAT HER LIKE A WHORE. THE SHADOWS ON HER BODY WERE ONCE AGAIN PRECIOUS MYSTERIES.
AND THEN...THEN THE SHEET, WRAPPED ROUND THRASHING ARMS AND LEGS, THE BLOOD, THE...
NO!
VETO!
FOR CHRISSAKE'S, VETO...
I'M...I'M SORRY.
YES. CLAUDIA'S A WHORE. TO HAVE MY CHILD. MY CHILD. TO MOVE THE STATUE. TO CRACK THE FUTURE...
TO CRACK THE FUTURE...

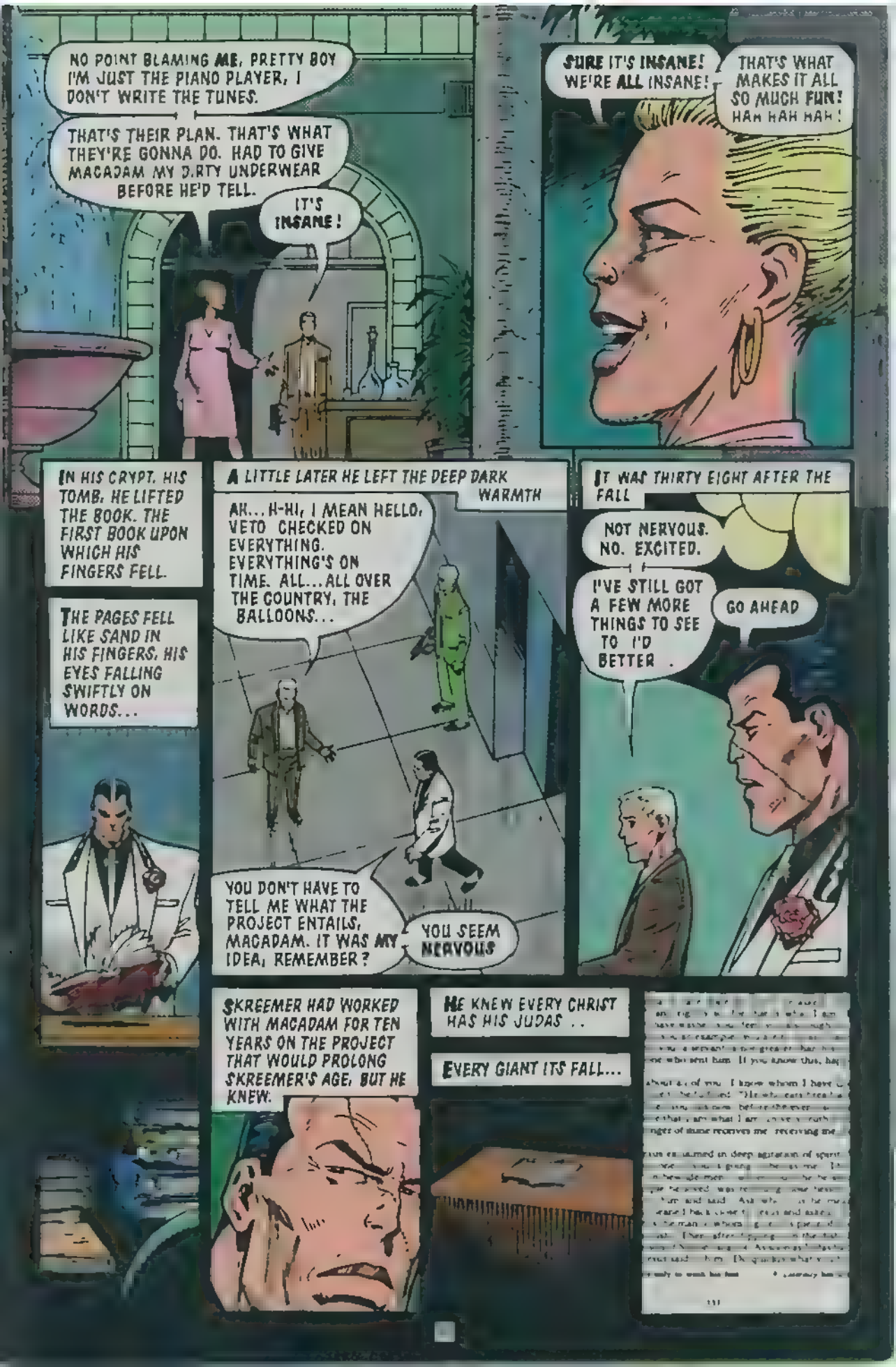

IT WAS TWENTY AFTER THE FALL.
I COULD HAVE HAD HIS CHILD. WHY NOT ? I SAID I WANTED... HE SAID NO. WE WOULDN'T... WE COULDN'T...
SHHH. DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM, VICKY. HE MIGHT BE THE GREAT SKREEMER...
BUT HE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.
I'M LEAVING, DUTCH. LEAVING FOR GOOD.
COME WITH ME. IT WAS YOU AND ME ONCE, WASN'T IT. BEFORE HE CAME ALONG.
WE WERE KIDS THEN, VICKY. IT'S DIFFERENT NOW.
IT CAN BE THE SAME AGAIN. YOU SEE HOW HE TREATED ME, JUST THREW ME AWAY. HE'LL DO THE SAME TO YOU, WHEN HE HAS TO. YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TRUST HIM.
ONE DAY, DUTCH. ONE DAY, HE'LL THROW YOU. THROW YOU AWAY.
ONE DAY, DUTCH. ONE DAY. HE'LL THROW YOU AWAY.
I TOLD YOU, DUTCH, DIDN'T I ? DON'T TRUST VETO, I SAID.
VICKY ? VICKY, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE. MY FACE HURTS, VICKY.
THEY'VE GIVEN ME DRUGS AND STUFF, BUT IT STILL HURTS.
I'LL KISS IT BETTER.
EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE FINE NOW, DUTCHY. WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN. WE'LL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER. I'LL ALWAYS BE PRETTY, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE HANDSOME.
VICKY. VICKY, I'VE ALWAYS LOVED...
UNGGHH ? V-VICKY ?
WHERE ARE YOU, VICKY ?


VICKY!
MACADAM. I'M GOING...DOWNSTAIRS.
THE BALLOONS GO UP IN FIFTEEN MINUTES, VETO.
MAYBE IT WOULD BE, AH, CIRCUMSPECT TO EVACUATE. JUST LEAVE THE SOLDIERS. IF THE CONFEDERATION ATTACKS...
AFTER THE BALLOONS GO UP, AFTER THE CLOCKS ARE TURNED BACK, THERE WILL BE NO CONFEDERATION. THERE WILL BE NO NEW AGE.
WHAT HAVE WE TO FEAR, MACADAM?
AH, NOTHING, VETO.
NOTHING AT ALL. NOTHING TO FEAR.
THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL...
ALMOST SMILING, VETO SKREEMER APPROACHED A DOOR THAT LED DOWN TO A PLACE
A PLACE BENEATH THE LIGHTS OF THE PALACE.
A WARM PLACE.
DEEP DOWN. IN THE DARK. THE SWEATY SLIPPERY DARK.
SLIPPERY DARK WARM.
WARM ROOM TOMB.
THAT SMELL.
THE SHEET. WRAPPED.
"HAPPY BIRTHDAY...
WARM THRASHING TOMB BLOOD
"...TO YOU..."
ARMS WRAPPED LEGS NO WHORE WARM NO TOMB NO

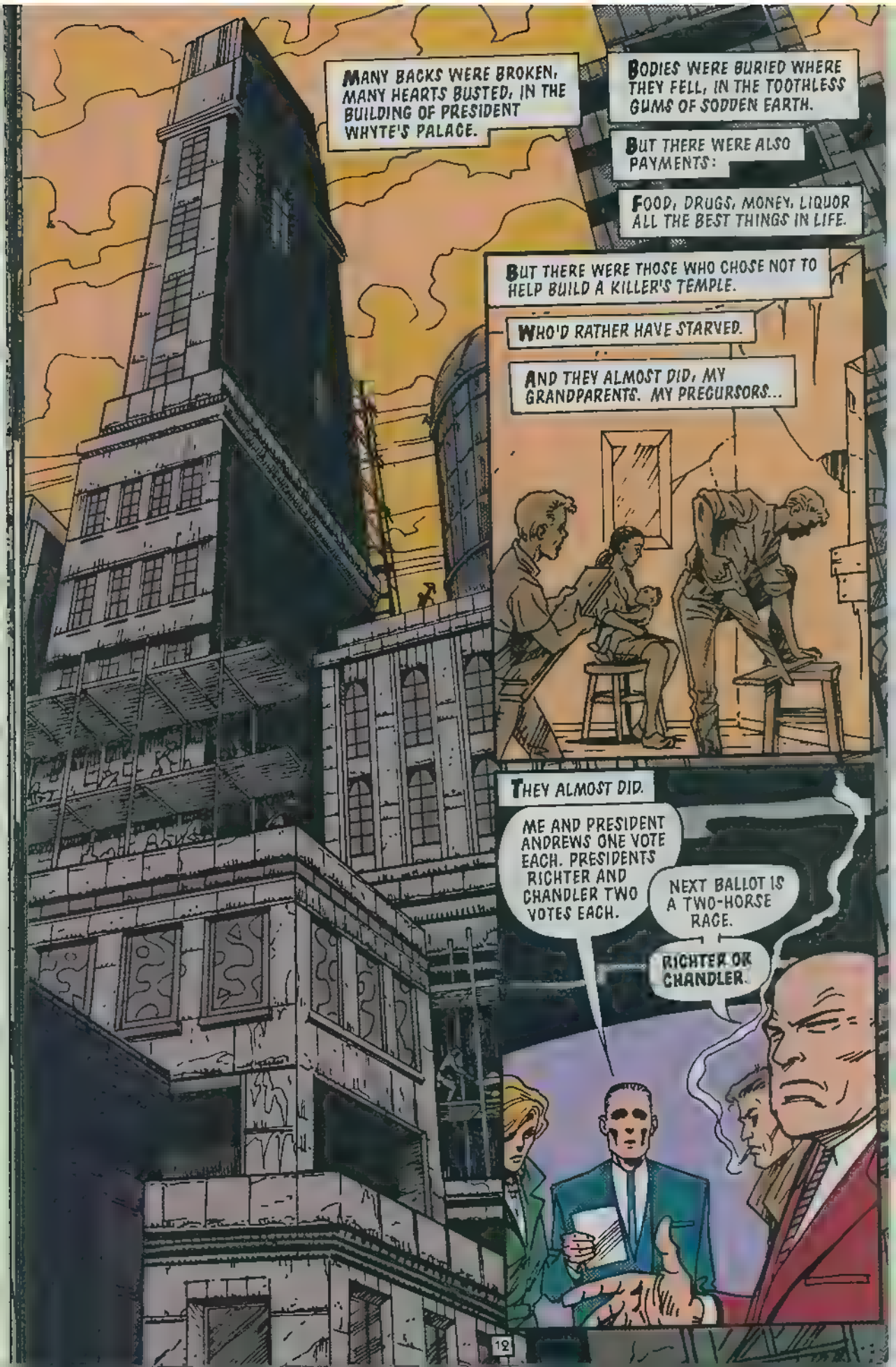

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY...
MOTHER...
"TO YOU..."
HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR... TIMOTHY CHARLES PETER JAMES JOYCE FINNEGAN...
HAPPPPYY BIRTHDAY TO YOOOOU!
AHHH. THE RAIN'S STOPPED. MAYBE WE SHOULD ALL GO OUT FOR A STROLL.
HELEN, GEORGIE, SAVE YOUR PILLS. IT DOESN'T SMELL TOO BAD OUT TODAY.
IT WAS TWENTY ONE YEARS AFTER THE FALL. TWENTY ONE YEARS INTO THE AGE.
ONE YEAR INTO THE LIFE OF TIMOTHY FINNEGAN.
I CAN FEEL IT, KARLA. IN HIS BONES. IN THE WEIGHT OF HIM.
I LIE AWAKE AND I IMAGINE... ALL THE ROADS AHEAD OF HIM. ALL THOSE CHANCES HE'LL HAVE. ALL THE POSSIBILITIES...
SOMETIMES IT'S LIKE THERE'S MORE OF ME IN HIM THAN THERE'S LEFT IN MYSELF. DOES THAT MAKE SENSE?
...MY FATHER, TIMOTHY FINNEGAN. HE HAD JUST PISSED IN HIS PANTS.
NOT IN THE LEAST, CHARLIE. IF THERE'RE ROADS AHEAD OF HIM THEY'LL BE HARD ROADS. LIKE THE ROADS WE'VE BEEN DOWN.
AH, I'VE A FEELING THINGS'LL BE DIFFERENT FOR TIMMY. HE'S A REAL FINNEGAN.
MY FATHER... FINNEGAN. NEVER TOLD THIS TO NO ONE BUT... I'M KINDA SCARED, YOU KNOW? I WASN'T MADE TO HAVE KIDS.
WELL, OBVIOUSLY I WAS MADE TO HAVE KIDS, BUT I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN. YOU GET...
YEAH, MISS SHANNON. BUT YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
MY MOTHER. SHE WAS ABOUT FORTY WHEN SHE HAD ME, AND SICK AND POOR. SHE CAME THROUGH ALL RIGHT.

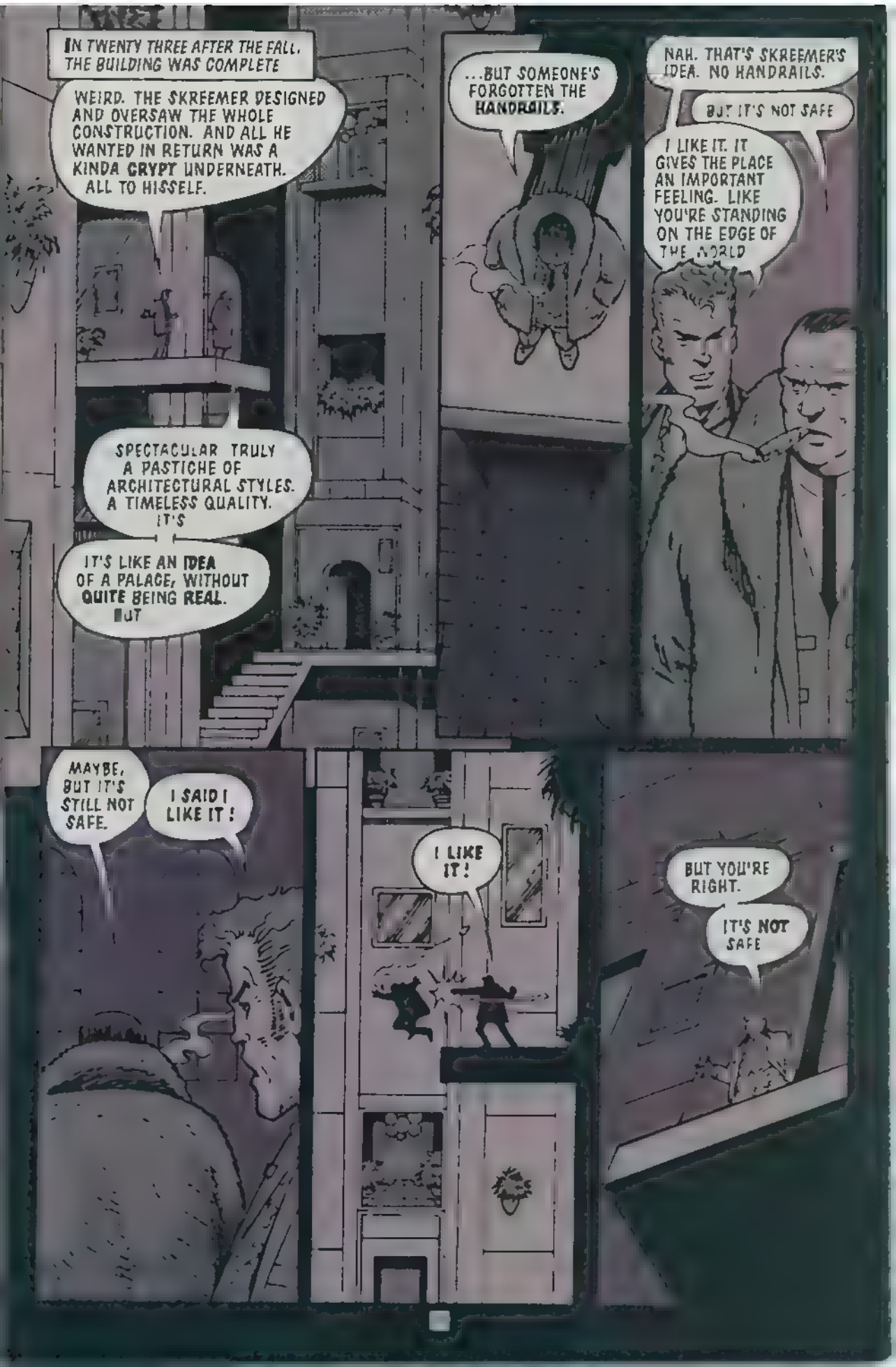
THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL. IN THE DISTANCE, MEN WAITED FOR THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK. MY FATHER WAITED ALSO. HE WAS ONLY EIGHTEEN, AFRAID, STILL PISSING IN HIS PANTS.
BUT I AM BY HIS SIDE NOW. I BREATHE LIFE INTO THE DUST OF THE PAST. MY FATHER. MY FATHER'S FATHER, MY FATHER'S BEFORE THEM.
SOMETIMES THE PAST SEEMS TOO BIG FOR THE PRESENT TO HOLD.
HOLD ON, FINNEGAN. TIM. LEMME TELL YA SOMETHING. YOU KNOW THE PROJECT? SKREEMER'S PROJECT? COURSE YOU DO. WELL, I KNOW WHAT IT IS.
ONLY VETO, THAT PERVERT BUD MACADAM, AND LITTLE OLD ME KNOWS.
C'MERE AND I'LL TELL YA, IF YOU PROMISE TO BE MY FRIEND...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE GARGOYLE.
"HE'S IN HIS OTHER PLACE."


LOOK! PRESIDENT WHYTE!
AND THERE'S THE SKREEMER!
MURDERING SONS OF BASTARDS.
YOU CAN'T LIVE IN THE PAST, DAD. WAY THINGS ARE TODAY YOU GOTTA BE LIKE SKREEMER. HARD AS HELL. READY TO KILL. YOU GOT NO CHOICE...
KILL, IS IT? CHOICE? YOU MEAN LIKE HIS KIND CHOSE TO CONTROL THE DRUGS, FOOD AND...AND MEDICINES, AND TO DENY THEM TO THE LIKES OF US—?
THEIR CHOICE KILLED YOUR ELDEST SISTER KATIE!
OR DO YOU MEAN LIKE THE SKREEMER CHOSE TO LEAD THE RAID THAT KILLED YOUR OWN BROTHER TIMMY? EH?
CHARLIE, LET HIM GO. HE DIDN'T KNOW...
ARE YOU SURE...IT'S THE ONE...THAT KILLED...
MY FATHER WAS NAMED AFTER HIS BROTHER, KILLED FOUR YEARS BEFORE MY FATHER WAS BORN.
I WASN'T. 'TILL I SAW HIM JUST NOW. BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER WHICH ONE OF THEM PULLED THE TRIGGER.
THEY ALL KILLED KATIE AND TIMOTHY. ALL OF THEM THAT LET THEMSELVES BECOME ANIMALS.
GEORGIE, HELEN. LISTEN. WE DON'T HAVE TO BE LIKE THEM. HOWEVER HARD OR BAD TIMES ARE. IT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ANIMALS AND HUMANS.
WE CAN CHOOSE. WE MUST BE ABLE TO. OTHERWISE...
OTHERWISE THERE'S NO POINT.

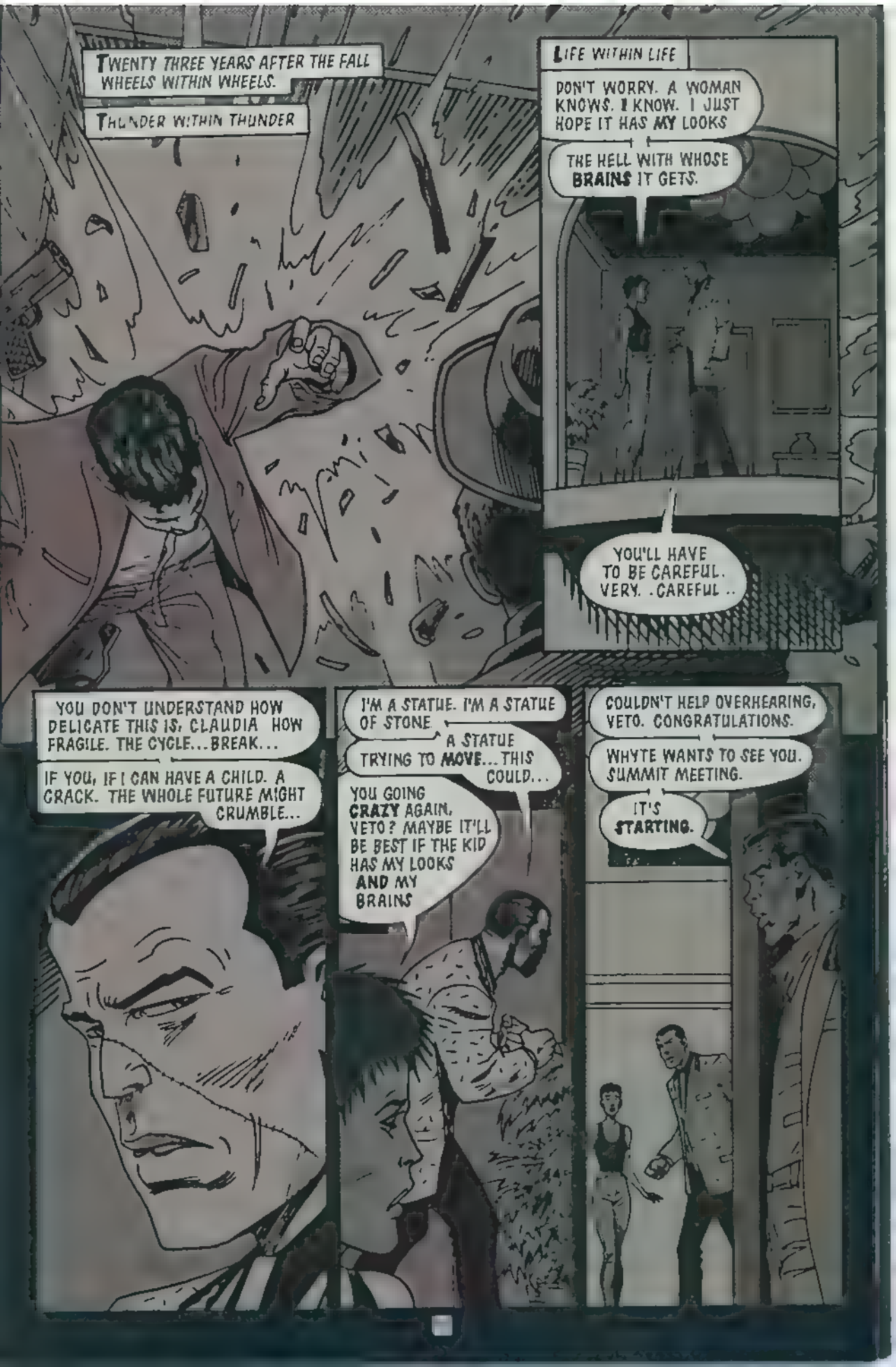

NO POINT BLAMING ME, PRETTY BOY I'M JUST THE PIANO PLAYER, I DON'T WRITE THE TUNES.
THAT'S THEIR PLAN. THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE GONNA DO. HAD TO GIVE MACADAM MY D.RTY UNDERWEAR BEFORE HE'D TELL.
IT'S INSANE!
SURE IT'S INSANE! WE'RE ALL INSANE!
THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT ALL SO MUCH FUN! HAH HAH HAH!
IN HIS CRYPT, HIS TOMB, HE LIFTED THE BOOK. THE FIRST BOOK UPON WHICH HIS FINGERS FELL.
THE PAGES FELL LIKE SAND IN HIS FINGERS, HIS EYES FALLING SWIFTLY ON WORDS...
A LITTLE LATER HE LEFT THE DEEP DARK WARMTH
AH... H-HI, I MEAN HELLO, VETO CHECKED ON EVERYTHING. EVERYTHING'S ON TIME. ALL... ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, THE BALLOONS...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME WHAT THE PROJECT ENTAILS, MACADAM. IT WAS MY IDEA, REMEMBER?
YOU SEEM NERVOUS
IT WAS THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL
NOT NERVOUS. NO. EXCITED.
I'VE STILL GOT A FEW MORE THINGS TO SEE TO I'D BETTER .
GO AHEAD
SKREEMER HAD WORKED WITH MACADAM FOR TEN YEARS ON THE PROJECT THAT WOULD PROLONG SKREEMER'S AGE, BUT HE KNEW:
HE KNEW EVERY CHRIST HAS HIS JUDAS . .
EVERY GIANT ITS FALL...

MIRROR. MIRROR, ON THE WALL.
I'LL ALWAYS BE PRETTY, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE HANDSOME.
YOU'RE VERY UGLY, VETO. WONDERFULLY UGLY. HANDSOME MEN HAVE NEVER TURNED ME ON.
SHUT UP, CLAUDIA.
I'M WORKING
TWENTY ONE YEARS AFTER THE FALL.
IT WAS MORE THAN AN ARCHITECT'S PLAN.
IT WAS A SACRAMENT.
A MYSTERIOUS COMMUNION WITH TIME AND SPACE, WITH ANCIENT WHISPERS.
IT'S GOING REAL GOOD, VETO. THE NEW WHYTE HOUSE!
YOU'RE LIKE A SON TO ME, VETO. ONE DAY. ONE DAY THIS'LL BE YOURS.
I KNOW.
WHAT'S THAT?
I KNOW I'M LIKE A SON TO YOU, PRESIDENT WHYTE.
I'M HONORED.
MIRROR... MIRROR...


MANY BACKS WERE BROKEN, MANY HEARTS BUSTED, IN THE BUILDING OF PRESIDENT WHYTE'S PALACE.
BODIES WERE BURIED WHERE THEY FELL, IN THE TOOTHLESS GUMS OF SODDEN EARTH.
BUT THERE WERE ALSO PAYMENTS:
FOOD, DRUGS, MONEY, LIQUOR ALL THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE.
BUT THERE WERE THOSE WHO CHOSE NOT TO HELP BUILD A KILLER'S TEMPLE.
WHO'D RATHER HAVE STARVED.
AND THEY ALMOST DID, MY GRANDPARENTS. MY PRECURSORS...
THEY ALMOST DID.
ME AND PRESIDENT ANDREWS ONE VOTE EACH. PRESIDENTS RICHTER AND CHANDLER TWO VOTES EACH.
NEXT BALLOT IS A TWO-HORSE RACE.
RICHTER OR CHANDLER.


IN TWENTY THREE AFTER THE FALL, THE BUILDING WAS COMPLETE
WEIRD. THE SKREEMER DESIGNED AND OVERSAW THE WHOLE CONSTRUCTION. AND ALL HE WANTED IN RETURN WAS A KINDA CRYPT UNDERNEATH. ALL TO HISSELF.
SPECTACULAR TRULY A PASTICHE OF ARCHITECTURAL STYLES. A TIMELESS QUALITY. IT'S
IT'S LIKE AN IDEA OF A PALACE, WITHOUT QUITE BEING REAL. BUT
...BUT SOMEONE'S FORGOTTEN THE HANDRAILS.
NAH. THAT'S SKREEMER'S IDEA. NO HANDRAILS.
BUT IT'S NOT SAFE
I LIKE IT. IT GIVES THE PLACE AN IMPORTANT FEELING. LIKE YOU'RE STANDING ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD
MAYBE, BUT IT'S STILL NOT SAFE.
I SAID I LIKE IT!
I LIKE IT!
BUT YOU'RE RIGHT.
IT'S NOT SAFE

AIIEEEGHH
AIEEEEGHH
AIIEGHHH
IT'S COMING FROM IN HERE.
JESUS. NEVER HEARD A SCREAM LIKE IT. SOUNDS LIKE
AIIEEEGHH..
AIIEEEGHH...
SHIT..
MY GOD WILL YOU LOOK AT THOSE INTESTINES..


TWENTY THREE YEARS AFTER THE FALL
WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.
THUNDER WITHIN THUNDER
LIFE WITHIN LIFE
DON'T WORRY. A WOMAN KNOWS. I KNOW. I JUST HOPE IT HAS MY LOOKS
THE HELL WITH WHOSE BRAINS IT GETS.
YOU'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL. VERY. .CAREFUL ..
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW DELICATE THIS IS, CLAUDIA HOW FRAGILE. THE CYCLE...BREAK...
IF YOU, IF I CAN HAVE A CHILD. A CRACK. THE WHOLE FUTURE MIGHT CRUMBLE...
I'M A STATUE. I'M A STATUE OF STONE
A STATUE TRYING TO MOVE...THIS COULD...
YOU GOING CRAZY AGAIN, VETO? MAYBE IT'LL BE BEST IF THE KID HAS MY LOOKS AND MY BRAINS
COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING, VETO. CONGRATULATIONS.
WHYTE WANTS TO SEE YOU. SUMMIT MEETING.
IT'S STARTING.

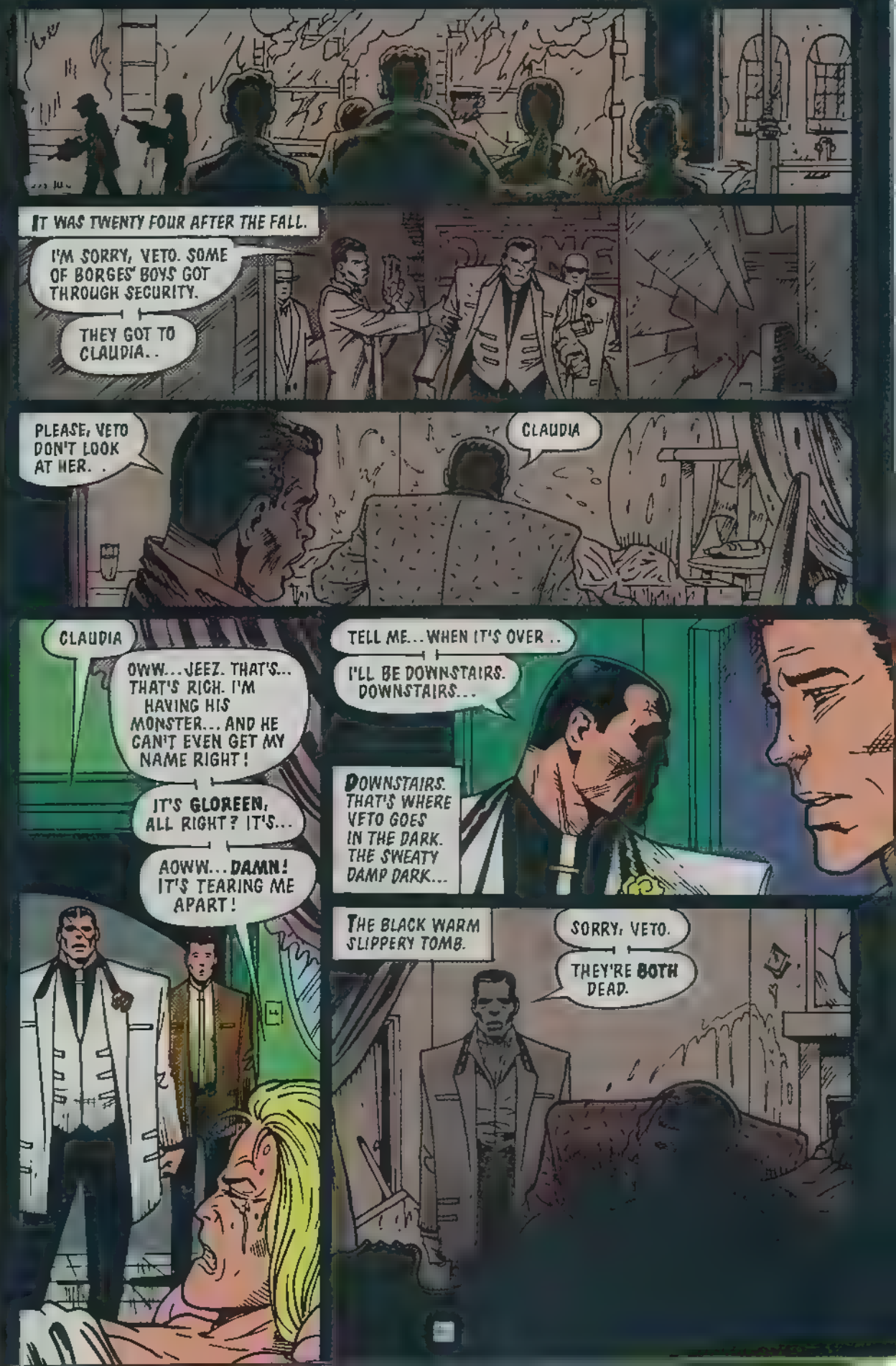
TWENTY THREE AFTER THE FALL
...ALMOST BLEW MY ASS OFF. MUSTA BEEN BORGES AGAIN
HEY, VETO. WHAT YOU LOOKING AT?
THE CLOUDS.
THE CLOUDS. SWOLLEN. CLOUDS BEYOND BUILDINGS. FIREFLY GHOSTS IN A SPONGY SKY.
LIFT THE GUN. PULL THE TRIGGER.
BULLET HOLES OF LIGHT. BULLET HOLES OF LIGHT.
OH GOD.. MY FACE...
OH GOD.. MY FACE..
IN TWENTY THREE AFTER THE FALL THE GREAT GANG WARS BEGAN.
PRESIDENTS BORGES, O'GRADY, MAHMOUD AND STONER, PLUS THE USUAL ASSLICKERS, HAVE FORMED AN AXIS.
PRESIDENT DUKAS HERE IS OUR ONLY ALLY
WE HEARD THAT VICKY'S WITH BORGES, VETO. ADVISING HIM ABOUT OUR SET-UP.

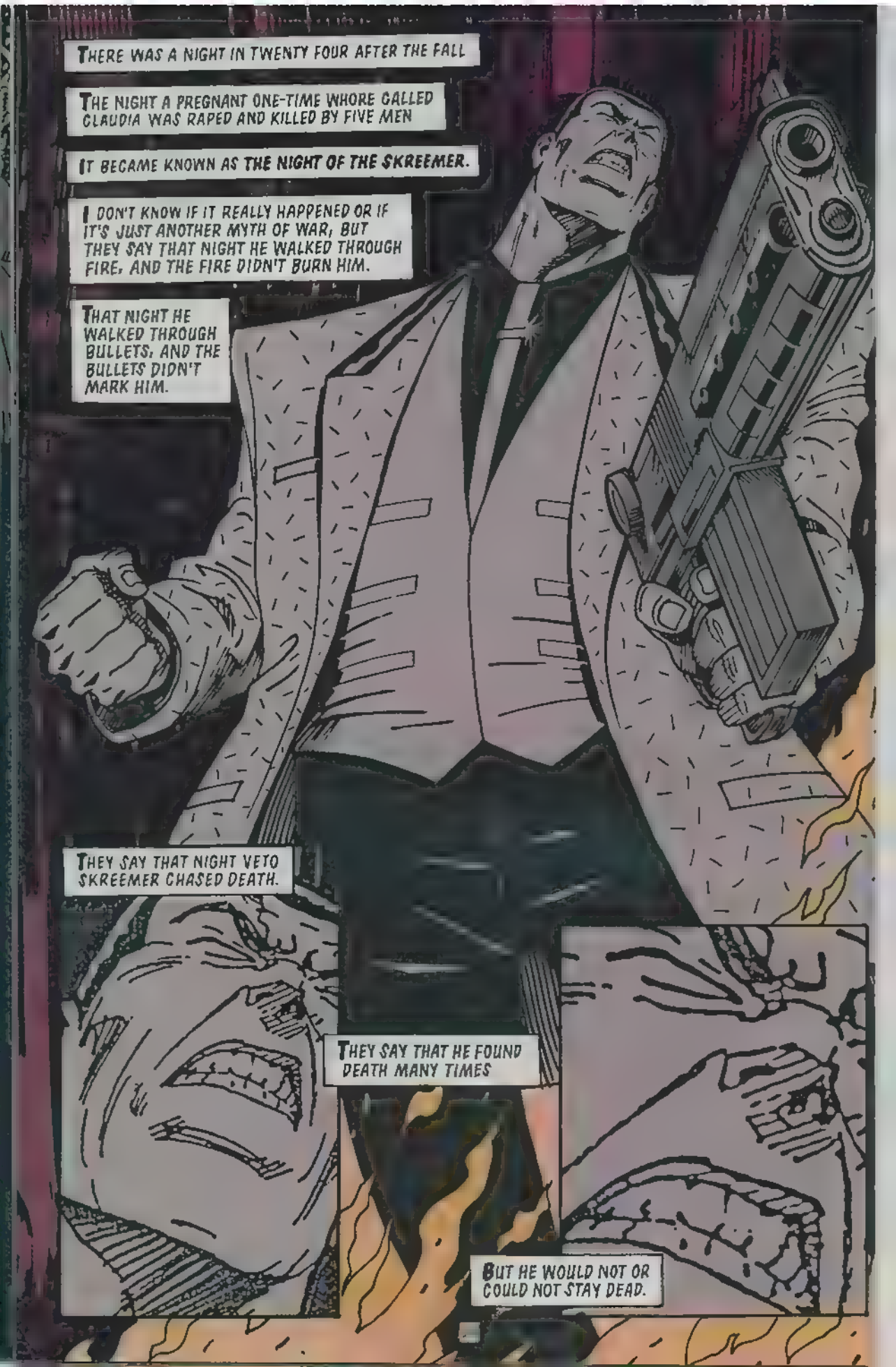
HEY, LET'S NOT BE GLOOMY 'BOUT THIS. WE'RE SMALLER, BUT WE'RE **PRETTIER**. STRATEGICALLY SPEAKING.
STRENGTHEN MY TERRITORY WITH SOME OF YOUR BOYS WE'LL BE **IMPREGNABLE** WE JUST SIT IT OUT 'TIL THEY GET BORED
VETO? WHAT D'YOU THINK?
WHAT DO I THINK?
I THINK WE FIGHT ON OUR OWN

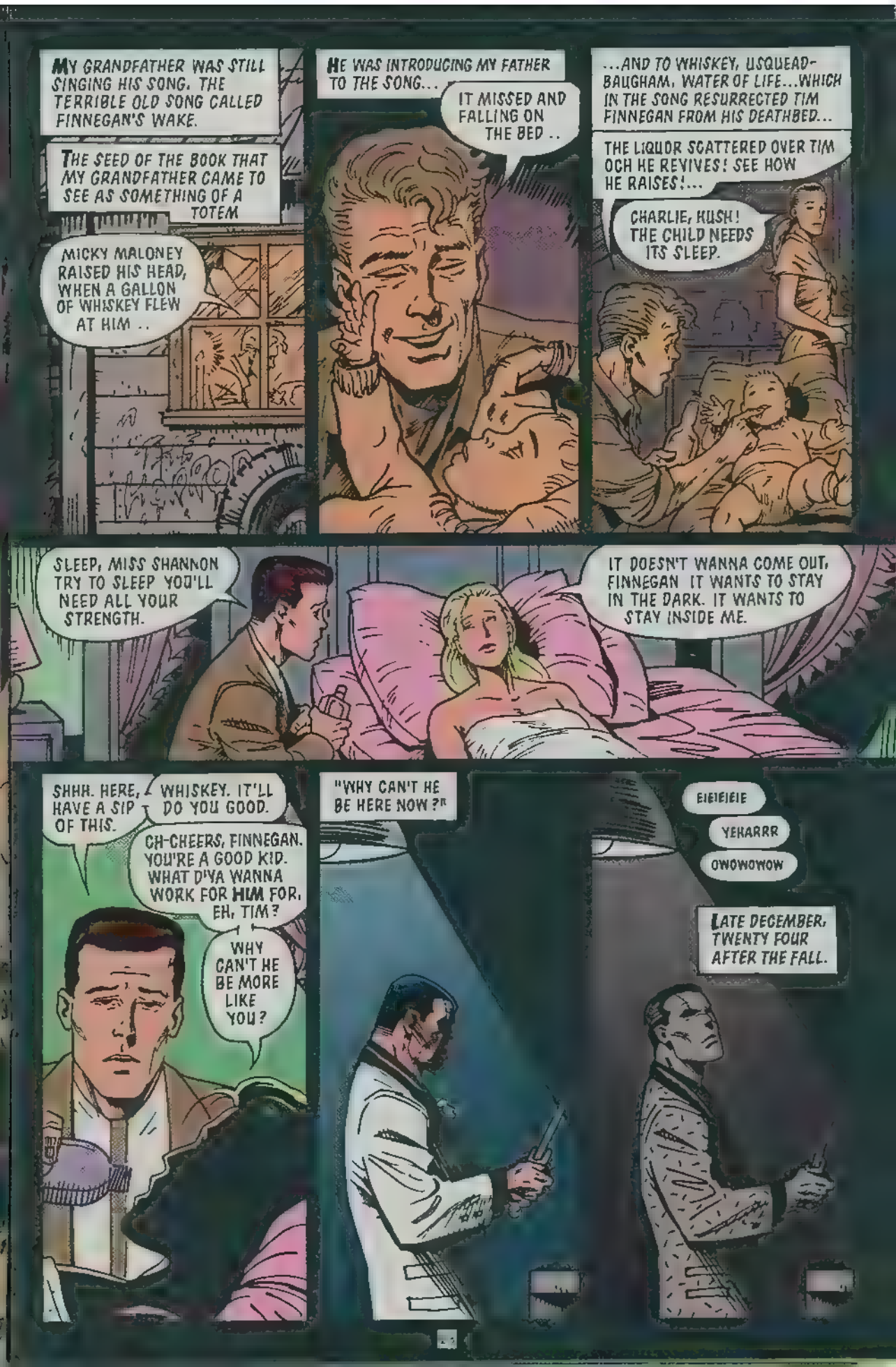
VETO, VERY ENTERTAINING THIS MIGHT BE, BUT CAN I REMIND YOU THAT YOUR FINGERS ARE AT PRESENT STUCK UP THE NOSTRILS OF OUR ONLY ALLY.
CAN WE TRY TO BE DIPLOMATIC ABOUT THIS?
LIFT THE GUN
VETO!
I-I WAS ONLY JOKING, YOU CAN—
PULL THE TRIGGER
IT WAS TWENTY THREE AFTER THE FALL
VICKY'S IDEA GET DUKAS TO KILL YOU AND ME AT THE SAME TIME
MAYBE ME ESPECIALLY
S-SORRY, BILLY NOTHING PERSONAL I JUST DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD A FAGGOT'S CHANCE OF WINNING.
YOU'RE RIGHT, BY THE WAY. YOUR SKREEMER'S HOT.
HEY, THAT'S WAR, DUKE NO HARD FEELINGS
TWO YEARS SINCE PRESIDENT WHYTE'S NERVOUS SYSTEM WAS INFECTED BY A CURIOUSLY UNCOMPROMISING STRAIN OF TERTIARY SYPHILIS.

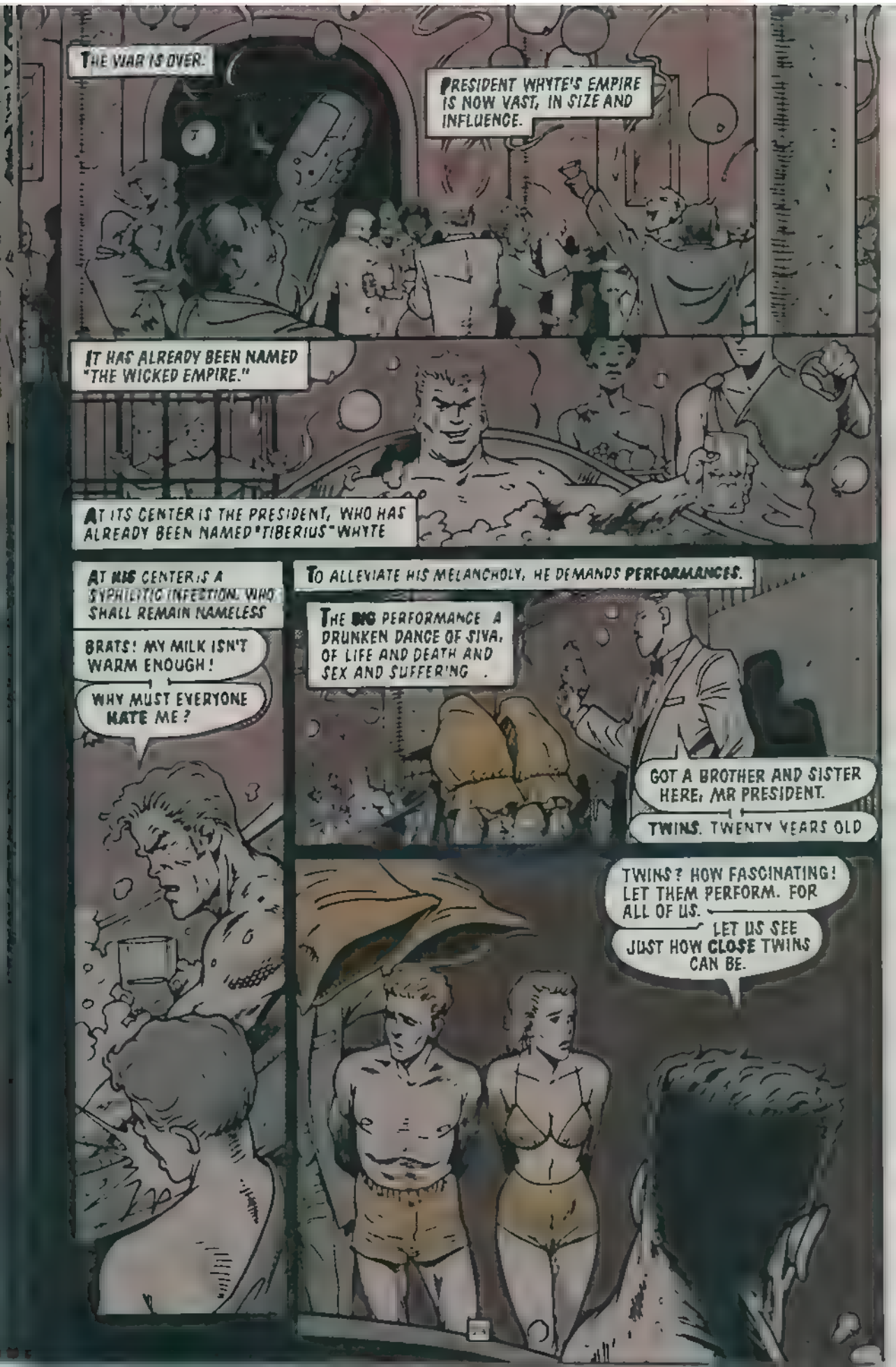
OH...GOD...
MY...MY FACE..
OH GOD... OH GOOD GOD...
WHAT AM I... GONNA DO... MY...
DON'T LOOK. IF YOU CAN HELP IT. WE CAN'T TAKE IT. DON'T LOOK. WRAP IT UP. BLINKER YOURSELF..
KEEP THE BANDAGES ON. PRETEND.
LIKE GOD, DO YOU MEAN, VETO? LIKE GOD HAS TO PRETEND NOT TO KNOW THE FUTURE, SO WE CAN PRETEND WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE?
KEEP IT HIDDEN. IF YOU WANT TO STAY SANE, KEEP IT HIDDEN.
YOU'LL TURN TO STONE. IF YOU LOOK, INTO THE FACE. A STONE STATUE. DON'T LOOK
MR SKREEMER MR SKREEMER PLEASE ..
IT'S GLOREEN. I MEAN, MISS SHANNON.
THE BABY, MR SKREEMER. I THINK GLOREEN'S IN LABOR...

TWENTY FOUR AFTER THE FALL. SEVEN MONTHS AFTER CLAUDIA, SKREEMER'S "WIFE" CONCEIVED
THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN WARS. PROBABLY ALWAYS WILL BE.
LITTLE WARS; BIG WARS. PRIVATE BATTLES; PUBLIC SLAUGHTERS THE GREAT GANG WARS CONFORMED TO AN ARCHETYPE
TWO GROUPS OF PEOPLE, TWO GANGS, TRYING TO KILL EACH OTHER
FIGHTING NOT FOR AN IDEAL. NOT FOR RIGHT NOR GLORY NOR RELIGION.
BUT TERRITORY. SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO CARE
QUIT FUSSING FOR CHRISSAKES. I'M GOING STIR-CRAZY IN THAT PALACE. I WANNA SEE SOME OF MY PALS. MY SHADOWS WILL LOOK AFTER ME
GO ON. YOU GOTTA WAR TO FIGHT, AIN'T YA?
BY TWENTY FOUR AFTER THE FALL, THOUSANDS HAD DIED IN THE WARS
IT WAS THE AGE OF THE GIANT AND THE GIANTS WERE FIGHTING.
AND WHEN GIANTS FIGHT, WHEN GIANTS FALL, THE WHOLE WORLD SHAKES
MY GRANDPARENTS, CHARLIE AND KARLA FINNEGAN, DIDN'T GIVE A DAMN WHO WON TO THEM. THEY WERE JUST GIANTS . .
AS DISTANT AS ANCIENT GODS FIGHTING WITH THUNDER.
AND AS ARBITRARY


IT WAS TWENTY FOUR AFTER THE FALL.
I'M SORRY, VETO. SOME OF BORGES' BOYS GOT THROUGH SECURITY.
THEY GOT TO CLAUDIA..
PLEASE, VETO DON'T LOOK AT HER. .
CLAUDIA
CLAUDIA
OWW... JEEZ. THAT'S... THAT'S RICH. I'M HAVING HIS MONSTER... AND HE CAN'T EVEN GET MY NAME RIGHT!
IT'S GLOREEN, ALL RIGHT? IT'S...
AOWW... DAMN! IT'S TEARING ME APART!
TELL ME... WHEN IT'S OVER ..
I'LL BE DOWNSTAIRS. DOWNSTAIRS...
DOWNSTAIRS. THAT'S WHERE VETO GOES IN THE DARK. THE SWEATY DAMP DARK...
THE BLACK WARM SLIPPERY TOMB.
SORRY, VETO.
THEY'RE BOTH DEAD.


THERE WAS A NIGHT IN TWENTY FOUR AFTER THE FALL
THE NIGHT A PREGNANT ONE-TIME WHORE CALLED CLAUDIA WAS RAPED AND KILLED BY FIVE MEN
IT BECAME KNOWN AS THE NIGHT OF THE SKREEMER.
I DON'T KNOW IF IT REALLY HAPPENED OR IF IT'S JUST ANOTHER MYTH OF WAR, BUT THEY SAY THAT NIGHT HE WALKED THROUGH FIRE, AND THE FIRE DIDN'T BURN HIM.
THAT NIGHT HE WALKED THROUGH BULLETS, AND THE BULLETS DIDN'T MARK HIM.
THEY SAY THAT NIGHT VETO SKREEMER CHASED DEATH.
THEY SAY THAT HE FOUND DEATH MANY TIMES
BUT HE WOULD NOT OR COULD NOT STAY DEAD.


MY GRANDFATHER WAS STILL SINGING HIS SONG. THE TERRIBLE OLD SONG CALLED FINNEGAN'S WAKE.
THE SEED OF THE BOOK THAT MY GRANDFATHER CAME TO SEE AS SOMETHING OF A TOTEM
MICKY MALONEY RAISED HIS HEAD, WHEN A GALLON OF WHISKEY FLEW AT HIM ..
HE WAS INTRODUCING MY FATHER TO THE SONG...
IT MISSED AND FALLING ON THE BED ..
...AND TO WHISKEY, USQUEAD-BAUGHAM, WATER OF LIFE...WHICH IN THE SONG RESURRECTED TIM FINNEGAN FROM HIS DEATHBED...
THE LIQUOR SCATTERED OVER TIM OCH HE REVIVES! SEE HOW HE RAISES!...
CHARLIE, KUSH! THE CHILD NEEDS ITS SLEEP.
SLEEP, MISS SHANNON TRY TO SLEEP YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR STRENGTH.
IT DOESN'T WANNA COME OUT, FINNEGAN IT WANTS TO STAY IN THE DARK. IT WANTS TO STAY INSIDE ME.
SHHH. HERE, HAVE A SIP OF THIS.
WHISKEY. IT'LL DO YOU GOOD.
CH-CHEERS, FINNEGAN. YOU'RE A GOOD KID. WHAT D'YA WANNA WORK FOR HIM FOR, EH, TIM?
WHY CAN'T HE BE MORE LIKE YOU?
"WHY CAN'T HE BE HERE NOW?"
EIEIEIEIE
YEHARRR
OWOWOWOW
LATE DECEMBER, TWENTY FOUR AFTER THE FALL.


THE WAR IS OVER.
PRESIDENT WHYTE'S EMPIRE IS NOW VAST, IN SIZE AND INFLUENCE.
IT HAS ALREADY BEEN NAMED "THE WICKED EMPIRE."
AT ITS CENTER IS THE PRESIDENT, WHO HAS ALREADY BEEN NAMED "TIBERIUS" WHYTE
AT HIS CENTER IS A SYPHILITIC INFESTION, WHO SHALL REMAIN NAMELESS
BRATS! MY MILK ISN'T WARM ENOUGH!
WHY MUST EVERYONE HATE ME?
TO ALLEVIATE HIS MELANCHOLY, HE DEMANDS PERFORMANCES.
THE BIG PERFORMANCE A DRUNKEN DANCE OF SIVA, OF LIFE AND DEATH AND SEX AND SUFFERING
GOT A BROTHER AND SISTER HERE, MR PRESIDENT.
TWINS. TWENTY YEARS OLD
TWINS? HOW FASCINATING! LET THEM PERFORM. FOR ALL OF US.
LET US SEE JUST HOW CLOSE TWINS CAN BE.

HAVE YOU SEEN HELEN AND GEORGIE, THE TWINS?
I'M SORRY. NO. ARE THEY MISSING?
WE HAVEN'T SEEN THEM SINCE YESTERDAY.
FINNEGAN, WE HEARD YOU WAS LOOKING FOR YOUR KIDS. THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN TO THE WHYTE HOUSE. SO HAVE MY SISTER'S BOYS.
THEY CAME LAST NIGHT AND JUST GRABBED EVERY YOUNGSTER THEY COULD.
THEY SAID THEY HAD TO PERFORM FOR WHYTE.
CHARLIE... WHERE'RE YOU GOING?
TO GET MY CHILDREN.
DON'T BE STUPID, FINNEGAN. YOU CAN'T DO ANY GOOD. THEY'LL KILL YOU.
WALK
MAYBE.
GO ON! DO IT! TAKE HER! DO IT OR WE'LL KILL YOU!
NO. WE WON'T KILL YOU. WE'LL MAKE YOU KILL EACH OTHER.
AND THEN WE'LL BRING YOU BOTH BACK TO LIFE AND KILL YOU AGAIN.
THIS IS SICK. HE'S SICK. THIS ISN'T WHAT I'M WORKING FOR. LET'S TAKE THE MAD BASTARD NOW.
NO, DUTCH. SOON, BUT NOT YET. IT ISN'T TIME YET.

GEORGIE. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO WHAT THEY WANT. OR THEY'LL KILL US.
THEY'LL PROBABLY KILL US ANYWAY.
IT'S A CHANCE, GEORGIE. PLEASE. CLOSE YOUR EYES. PRETEND I'M SOMEONE ELSE. PRETEND I'M THAT REDHEAD LIVES ROUND THE CORNER...
I CAN'T, HELEN. NOT YOU. YOU'RE MY SISTER...
LISTEN. WE COME FROM THE SAME WOMB. THIS IS NOTHING. IT'S JUST BITS OF OUR BODY. DO IT. IT'S NOTHING.
JUST DO IT, OR THEY'LL KILL—
UGFNNN...
HE SAYS HE'S COME FOR HIS KIDS. HE'S THE TWINS' DADDY!
THEIR FATHER! HOW AMUSING! NOW WE HAVE SO MANY VARIATIONS TO CHOOSE FROM!
DAD...OH DAD, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME...
YOU. YOU, WHYTE. YOU'RE AN ANIMAL, YOU HEAR? YOU'RE NOT HUMAN.
I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE DISEASED NOW. YOUR MIND'S ROTTING. BUT YOUR MADNESS CAME BEFORE THAT.
YOU CHOSE TO BE A MADMAN. YOU CHOSE TO BE A MONSTER.
YOU CHOSE TO KILL AND MAIM AND TERRORIZE AND...
BRING HIM HERE. I'LL BITE HIS GODDAMN THROAT OPEN.
THAT'S RIGHT. KILL ME. YOU POX-RIDDEN BASTARDS. YOU'RE ALL ANIMALS. ANIMALS...

WAIT.
PRESIDENT WHYTE. GIVE ME THIS MAN. AND HIS CHILDREN. GIVE ME THEIR LIVES.
OH...OH, VERY WELL, VETO. THEY'RE YOURS.
BUT YOU MUST **PROMISE** ME YOU'LL DO SOMETHING **ENTERTAINING** WITH THEM.
HERE. YOUR CHILDREN'S LIVES ARE IN YOUR HANDS. **YOU CHOOSE**. DO YOUR CHILDREN **LIVE**.
OR DO THEY **DIE**.
A KNIFE? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
KILL THOSE TWO, WITH THAT, AND **YOUR** TWO LIVE.
DON'T KILL THEM, AND YOUR CHILDREN **DIE**.
YOU'RE...YOU'RE CRAZY...
I CAN'T...I CAN'T KILL...
IT'S YOUR DECISION. IT'S YOUR CHOICE. ARE YOU HUMAN?
OR ARE YOU AN ANIMAL?
YOU MADE IT SOUND SO **EASY** TO **CHOOSE**. LET ME SEE YOU DO IT.

AH, THE RESULT, BY A MAJORITY VERDICT, IS...
PRESIDENT CHANDLER.
CONGRATULATIONS, VICTORIA. ONCE WE'VE BEATEN THE SKREEMER, YOU'LL BE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED GANGS OF AMERICA.
JAMES JOYCE
FINNEGANS WAK

Next: "His Corpse to Wake."